

## BOOTH-TUCKER TALKS OF HIS ADVENTURE.

Hasn't a Regret Over His Arrest, for He Expects Such Little Things.

Steve Brodie Salutes the Salvationists in Court as "Brother" and "Sister."

SIMMS FRSES THE COMMANDER.

The Sorrel Wig and Black Whiskers Hang in the Front Window at Brodie's Place, for the Delection of Bowery Crowds.

Commander Both-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, took down the files of his recent correspondence yesterday, and reread, reflectively, a letter signed by his new Bowery friend, Steve Brodie.

"I was glad to get that letter," said the Commander. "It had some consequences that I didn't expect, but, after all, they were more incidents—mere incidents." And the Commander smiled broadly.

Commander Both-Tucker's briefs enjoyed ebony beard and sorrel wig were nowhere to be seen, having been gravely presented by him to Mr. Brodie, when the two friends parted at the Centre Street Police Court in the morning.

"Mr. Brodie's letter inviting me to make a tour of the slums with him, came at a time when I was considering just such a move. You see, I am new here and have got to learn a great deal. I'm willing to risk something to learn. I don't regard the getting into jail and appearing before a Magistrate as such a serious thing. I'm willing to undertake risky experiments if there is a chance of doing some good."

"My way is to put myself in the lion's mouth once in awhile. If it turns out well, we are so much ahead. Otherwise, I merely give the lads and lassies here a chance for a halloilish funeral."

THE COMMANDER IN COURT.

Commander Both-Tucker's suspense in court was brief. He appeared before Magistrate Simms at the appointed time, flanked by Commissioner Sva Booth, Brigadier Perry and other uniformed officers of his staff. His bondsman, Mr. Brodie, attached himself to the Commander's party and addressed its members from time to time as "sisters" and "brothers." Magistrate Simms, after hearing Detective Coyle's story of the arrest of Commander Both-Tucker, on the charge of masquerading in disguise, invited the defendant to the platform to explain for himself the circumstances of his arrest.

The Commander stepped forward briskly and laid his false wig and beard on the Judge's table.

"It is impossible for me, Your Honor," he said, "to visit some places I desire to see, without precautions to remain unknown. My features are familiar to many. I thought Mr. Brodie's suggestion of this disguise a good one, and willingly adopted it."

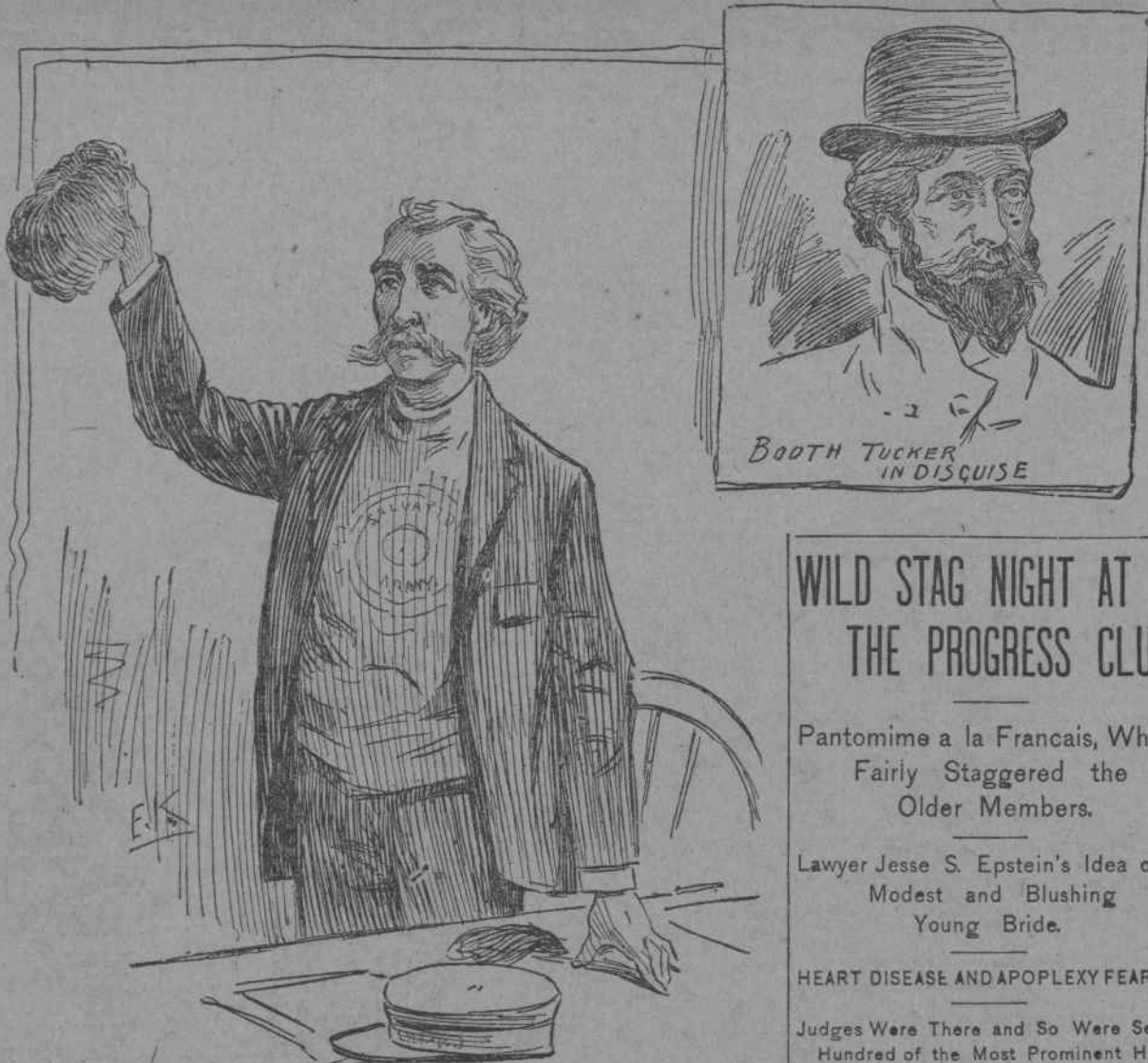
"It created no disturbance, did it?" inquired the Magistrate of Detective Coyle. "A crowd followed him, on the opposite side of the street; there was no disturbance," replied the detective.

"It appears, then," said the Magistrate, "that you caused the disturbance by making the arrest. I shall discharge the defendant with the admonition—and the Magistrate smiled—to be more careful with his disguises in the future."

"Trow down de game? Nix," said Mr. Brodie afterward. "De cop was fly and nabbed him, dat's de case of it. I told him de Commander was me fren', but he nabbed him just the same."

Commander Both-Tucker's wig and whiskers adorn the show window of Brodie's saloon on the Bowery, with a placard attached referring to their history. The Commander smiled faintly when he heard of this fact, and he said, reflectively:

"I can see how that would be a good advertisement now, but I don't mind. I've



Booth-Tucker With and Without His False Wig and Whiskers.

The new commander of the Salvation Army in America accepted the invitation of Steve Brodie Tuesday night to see the Bowery, and that he might not be recognized put on a black beard and a lighter colored wig. Detective Coyle saw the evident disguise, and not knowing the Commander yesterday with a pleasant about being more careful in the future about his disguises.

been looking Mr. Brodie up a little. I believe what his letter told me—that he was anxious to do me a service, and I'm satisfied to have him do it in his own way.

"I have some plans in my mind that he and perhaps some of his friends may assist me in. We have already talked them over together. The Army wants to build a series of shelters for the poor—lodging houses where men can stay for 2, 5, 7 or 10 cents. We need a receiving house for criminals when they are discharged from the jails. Then we want regular labor bureaus, to get in touch with philanthropic employers. I depend on my friends to help get these institutions established before next winter."

Commander Both-Tucker, with a quizzical smile, added:

"On the whole, I rather like Brodie."

NO RESPIRE FOR HOLMES.

Governor Hastings Refuses His Request for Delay—Offers to Reveal His Confederate.

Harrisburg, April 29.—A long communication was received by Governor Hastings today from H. H. Holmes, the multi-murderer, asking for a respite. The Governor promptly indorsed the petition "Application refused."

Holmes, in his communication, claimed to want to arrange certain important matters before his death, and to get himself into a proper spiritual condition. He claimed not to be guilty of many of the crimes charged against him.

Philadelphia, April 29.—Lawyer Bullock and Coroner Castor, of Indianapolis, visited Holmes in the county prison this afternoon. Governor Hastings may be asked to grant a reprieve on the plea that Holmes will reveal his confederates in various murders if granted a stay. Mr. Bullock said that one of these confederates is the mysterious Hatch, who has figured in the Holmes case throughout.

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Mrs. Alice Dugan a Prisoner.

She is in Ludlow Street Jail on account of her inability to pay a fine imposed for selling liquor in the town of Hudson without a proper Government license. Her thirteen-year-old daughter, left to care for her little brothers and sisters, is in danger of suffering hunger. The woman tried to support her family by conducting the saloon her dead husband left her.

## GOUGHAM'S ARMY OF UNTAXABLES.

Merchants with Millions for Investment, but Not a Cent for Tribute.

Rising Like Cockey's Horde, They Throng the Corridors of the Stewart Building.

ASSETS SWAMPED UNDER DEBTS.

Tax Commissioner Barker Almost Wonders if Grass Isn't Growing in Broadway and All Business at a Standstill.

The bottom is daily being knocked out of the theory that nothing is certain but death and taxes. Long lines of perspiring persons, many of whom are in the cloak and necktie manufacturing business, are convincing the Tax Commissioners that taxes are anything but certain. They are "swearing them off," as the saying goes, at the rate of about three hundred an hour.

President Barker, of the Tax Commission, sits at his desk in the Stewart building and looks over his gold-rimmed glasses at eager importunate from 8 a. m. until all sorts of hours at night, and goes without his lunch.

"This," he says, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the leader of the line of hopeless bankrupts, "is the weakest Cockey's army that I have come in contact with. The country is going to the dogs, and no mistake. Trade has one foot in the grave and its other is stuck fast in the mud by the side of the grave. There is more growing in Broadway and greensward on the Brooklyn Bridge. Our people will soon be forced, like the people of the Selly Islands, to earn a living by taking in each other's washing."

AWFUL GRINDING POVERTY. "Poor fellows! Some of them are leading lives of hollow mockery—horses and carriages, servants, opera boxes and yachts. But they are not worth a cent."

Mr. Barker has evidently lost all faith in human nature, and his daily experience with the swarms of personal taxes has entirely removed his belief in the veracity of any human creature.

"Look at that fellow shake," he said, "pointing at an unfortunate necktie manufacturer. 'Do you mean to tell me he is going to tell the truth? No. His debts exceed his assets, you can bet.'"

The necktie maker, who was a small man and very tremulous, looked sheepishly at Mr. Barker and apparently wished himself anywhere, but within the range of the Commissioner's searching gray-blue eyes. What ever may have been his intention, he owned up to the possession of \$1,600 personal property.

Here are some sample examinations of the representatives of poverty:

What's your business? Ans. Suspenders. Ah, yes. What are your assets. Ans. \$5,000. What is due you in outstanding accounts? Ans. \$2,900.

What is your bank balance? Ans. \$300. What are your debts? Ans. Let me refresh my memory.

SWAMPED BY DEBTS. "Now, you see," said Mr. Barker, "he just wants time to foot up \$5,000, \$2,900 and \$300. He'll say his debts are \$8,200 or over."

Sure enough, after rolling his eyes at the ceiling and inspecting his thumbs for a few minutes Suspenders came back to the Commissioner's desk and said: "Eight thousand and three hundred dollars."

You'd better think that over again before you swear to it, hadn't you? Ans. No; that's what I owe.

Swear to it? Ans. Indeed I do, sir. Mr. Barker elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders suggestively.

A hide broker. What's your business? Ans. A hide business. Ah! Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Presume this is Mr. Hyde we are talking to. I presume your business is entirely on commission, and we can't touch a cent of it. Am I right? Ans. That's about the size of it.

A prosperous and well-known coal dealer. What were your assets January 17? Ans. What were your assets January 17? Ans. Ah! I'll have to look that up. (Pulls out papers, notes, etc., and retires to consult his conscience. Finally returns to the rack with infinitesimal assets.)

Are you a partner? Ans. Yes. What is your interest? Ans. In the profits only. I have nothing invested.

So? The other members of the firm have in—-or q uasi equi uoi pui. (Sound on posses cepting a share of the profits? Ans. Well, if you care to look at it that way, yes.

When a dead man in the marble cutting business, holding his hand to his ear in anticipation of the ordeal, appeared in Mr. Barker's said:

"This promising fellow is prepared not to understand my questions. You'll find he is all primed with figures that prove that he has been a Napoleon of bankruptcy."

How much personal property have you got? Ans. Three thousand dollars. How much is due you in accounts? Ans. Huh?

How much is due you in accounts? (shouted) Ans. Huh?

How much are your debts? Ans. Thirty-six hundred dollars. Oh, you hear that all right. What are those debts? Ans. Huh?

What is the nature of those debts? (shouted) Ans. Huh?

You'll swear to those debts? Yes, sir.

## WILD STAG NIGHT AT THE PROGRESS CLUB.

Pantomime a la Francais, Which Fairly Staggered the Older Members.

Lawyer Jesse S. Epstein's Idea of a Modest and Blushing Young Bride.

HEART DISEASE AND APOPLEXY FEARED.

Judges Were There and So Were Seven Hundred of the Most Prominent Hebrews in Town—"All's Well That Ends Well."

It was stage night at the Progress Club. The palatial house at the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixty-third street was aglow with electric light and diamond shirt studs.

Last Saturday marked the close of the monthly entertainments, with which the wealthiest social organization of Hebrews on the Continent is wont to delight its members and friends during the season.

At all the previous affairs of the kind the wives and daughters of the gentlemen in the club were present, but at the great finale only men were admitted.

The solace last Saturday night surpassed anything ever given before, and some of the staid old members don't want to see anything like it again—that is unless they are let into the secret in advance.

In that event, however, the zest would be lost. Fully 700 men, old and young, crowded into the handsome little theatre of the club over the harbor. This younger element was in control, and had prepared a programme intended to paralyze the old gentlemen, who had been insisting all winter that the monthly entertainments should consist of high class lectures on solid and informing subjects.

MODESTY IN A TREMOR. In the front row of the orchestra were nearly every one of the Judges in the city of the Jewish faith, with here and there one of Christian belief. Judge Newburger was there, so was Judge Joseph Steiner, little Judge Goldfogel and so on. Close up were wealthy dry goods dealers and men whose fame in the world of finance is the common property of Europe and the Americas. Not a woman was in the building, except the few who were to assist in the great fandango.

First on the programme was a skit in pantomime entitled "Fin de Siecle, Orange Blossoms," an imitation of the play the police recently interfered with at a local theatre. There was only one scene, that in the bridal chamber, and a handsome woman billed as Mme. Miller-Porin impersonated the bride. She was attired in a gorgeous gown, which the wearer subsequently said cost \$600; lingerie of the finest silk and lace, and gowns valued at thousands adorned her neck and arms.

The pantomime was carried to its conclusion, at the risk of some of the onlookers being stricken with apoplexy or heart disease.

ONLY JESSE EPSTEIN. Then, just previous to the fall of the curtain, the bride stepped before the footlights, removed a shapely nose, and in a voice known to nearly every one there, introduced herself and the ardent husband.

The bride was no less a person than stalwart Jesse S. Epstein, a prominent young lawyer, at No. 280 Broadway. The bridegroom was Elias August, a wealthy real estate operator. Mr. Epstein allowed for a few crudities in his impersonation.

"I rehearsed this thing for three weeks," he remarked, "but those confounded corsets got the best of me at the pinch."

Lottie Wilson, the Leigh sisters in their barefooted Tilly act, Olga Hayden and a few other professional people gave unbridled representations of specialties, and a couple of prizefighters were introduced as Paddy Purcell and Scandy Bill. Of course, the audience was informed that the ten-pound bout was "on the dead level."

As a matter of fact, Purcell was Jesse Epstein, and Scandy Bill, Saul I. Mayer, member of a large corset manufacturing firm. They went at each other hammer and tongs, or literally with hatchet and horseshoe, for each pugilist had weapons of that description in his gloves.

If the older members can have their way, there will be ladies at the next "stag."

LEFT ONLY A DOLLAR. Mrs. Dugan was seen at the jail yesterday. She had been worrying about the children who had been left alone when they took her away. "I don't know what will become of them," she said. "The oldest girl had not more than a dollar that I left her, and the two boys were in the house that would last a few days. They can get on all right until Sunday, I guess, but unless the neighbors look out for them after that it will be very hard."

"It's not my fault that I am here, and they are left alone. It was a hard winter on me and very little custom. Some days I didn't make 5 cents all day. The place is very dull in winter time, when the brick yards shut down and very few people are around, and there's no money to be made. I know I tried hard enough to get the money and end my debt."

An Admiral's Daughter Weds. Washington, April 29.—Miss Margaret Skerrett, daughter of Rear Admiral Skerrett, was married to Mr. David Milne, of Philadelphia, at noon today, in St. John's Church. The best man was Caleb Milne. Miss Edythe Wentworth Skerrett was maid of honor.

At his place at Bernardsville, N. J., he kept up an immense stable of hunters, polo ponies and drivers.

Mr. Emilie Pizer said to a Journal reporter yesterday: "We received a cable today which reported that my brother was improving."

Mr. Charles Pizer, Jr., of New York, is lying in a precarious condition at the Albemarle Hotel, in London. He was thrown from his horse at Hyde Park Corner. The horse slipped, fell and threw Mr. Pizer on the road.

Mr. Pizer was picked up unconscious and remained in that state for several days, the result of concussion of the brain.

Mr. Pizer is one of the most enthusiastic horsemen in this country. He was president of the Tandem Club for several years preceding the election of Mr. T. S. Sufferer. For three years he was master of the Essex County Hounds.

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MRS. MARY McNALLY AND FAMILY MOVE.

They wait till the neighbors are sleeping soundly and then move out through the skylight of the flat, across the roof and down through the skylight of another. When the landlord objects they move back to the first flat by way of the street.

## MRS. McNALLY'S NEW METHOD OF MOVING.

Brooklyn Woman Goes from One Flat to Another by Way of the Roof.

In the Dead of Night She and Her Children Carry Furniture Through Skylights.

A SURPRISE FOR THE NEIGHBORS.

Landlord and Janitor Object, and the Woman Moves Back Again by Way of the Street—Feared That She May Want to Move Again.

The Brooklyn woman has come to the front again. She has in the past done some original things. She has organized more clubs for the discussion of questions that will never be settled than the women of Boston have. She has done more to popularize the bicycle than her sister in other cities, and she has taken the front rank wherever she has started in to do so. It was but natural that a Brooklyn woman should introduce into the community a decided novelty in the way of moving.

The lady's name will probably go down in history, and in the future the McNally method of moving may be legislated against.

Mrs. Mary McNally, after whom the new method will hereafter be known, lived on the top floor of a row of flats on Bergen street. Her number was No. 55. With the approach of May and moving day Mrs. McNally took a dislike to her flat in No. 55 and decided to move. The neighborhood suited her and she was satisfied with the landlord, ex-Justice Daniel Perry. Her only objection was to No. 55. She did not mind about the top flat; it made no difference. The double number, however, was something that she didn't like. She might have changed the number on the door transom, but her consideration for the feelings of the postman and her neighbors forbade her doing that, so she decided to move.

In casting about for a place to suit her Mrs. McNally discovered that the top floor of No. 57 was vacant and decided to have it. The usual method of procedure in such cases is to notify the landlord and insist that the janitor assist in the moving in. But Mrs. McNally decided upon a different course.

She visited the apartments next door and saw that they were in a det condition, that the windows were cleaned and the floors scrubbed that there were no roaches and that all the holes wherein mice might lurk and play hide and seek were stopped up with cement. When she had reconsidered the premises she decided that it was the place in which to brouce, and reported the fact to her children, who were anxiously awaiting her return. All Saturday afternoon Mrs. McNally and the children spent in packing up. The bedsteads were taken down and the dishes packed in baskets. The pictures were taken from the walls and the carpets from off the floors.

Mrs. McNally was considerate. Not wishing to disturb the neighbors by tramping up and down stairs she waited until midnight, when their slumbers had become sound and their dreams of other things than moving. When the house was quiet she ascended the companion way to the skylight and softly took it off its hinges. The children followed and a procession over the roof started.

The first articles carried across to No. 57 were lamps, and as the family crossed the affair looked like a torchlight procession in favor of consolidation. The skylight of No. 57 was removed and the moving begun. The bedding and furniture was passed up the ladder like powder from the magazine of a man of war. The family worked quickly and silently. From the deck Mrs. McNally gave the orders to the crew below and assisted in the sailing of the ship.

When the sun rose there was a vacant flat in No. 55 and the people in No. 57 had neighbors. It was the tramping about the house and the putting to order of things in the new home that caused the neighbors to know that the flat above was occupied.

In the house she had left, Mrs. McNally was missed. There was no sound of movement Sunday, and the janitor looked to see why. The flat was empty. He pinched himself a few times and consulted a calendar to see if his dates were correct and then inquired of the tenants. Nobody had heard Mrs. McNally moving out.

Mrs. McNally hadn't gone out of the door. The roof route was then explored, and a well beaten path was found to the skylight of the house next door. The janitor called on Mrs. McNally, and learned that she had a right to move any way she wished to. The matter was reported to the landlord, who was unable to see the thing in the same light and ordered Mrs. McNally to move once more. There are several flats vacant further down the row, and for fear that the lady might take it into her head to continue her aerial flight the landlord's representative saw that the furniture was carried down the stairs.

While the landlord, the janitor and others feel to a certain extent sore over it, they are not nearly so put out over the matter as Mrs. McNally.

Silver Found in Pennsylvania. Susquehanna, Pa., April 29.—It is said that a vein of silver has been encountered by the New York and Pennsylvania prospectors at South Canaan, Wayne County, Pa. There is much excitement throughout the county.

Well, well, swear to them, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul! He deaf man swore to them and went away with a pleased smile.

TRUTH NOWHERE FOUND. And so they came all day in the endless line that reached all through the corridors of the Stewart building, and made pretty typewriters afraid to go in and out for lunch. Commissioners Sato and Wells also heard oaths and conducted examinations. In some of the corridors there were two and three lines of waiting taxpayers, who came early and staid late. Joe, the bootblack of the building, put away his blacking kit and bought 300 sandwiches, which he sold to the swearers off at ten cents each.

"Humph," said Mr. Barker, when he heard of this. "I'm surprised that some of them don't eat the sandwiches and then swear off paying for them on the ground that they never saw the sandwiches at all."

Some of the schemers were trapped. One Gorman restaurant keeper, who was only assessed \$3,000 last year, came to have that reduced. Mr. Barker's cross examination revealed the fact that he has \$13,500 of taxable personality.

By an inadvertence a glazier, who only owns his pack that he carries through the streets, was assessed at \$5,000. He seemed much relieved when permitted to swear it off.

It was late last night before the last of the waiting lines had been disposed of. To-day is the last day of their ordeal, and they are not sorry. President Barker yesterday received official notice from the Corporation Counsel that the names of the Gould heirs must be removed from the tax lists, as the courts have adjudged them non-residents.

"There is one satisfaction in that," said Mr. Barker, waving the papers in the case. "They won't be coming here and swearing that their debts exceed their assets."

MOTHER GETS BABY RUTH. But Papa Tubbs May See His Little Girl Without Jumping Across Airshafts.

Baby Ruth—not the President's daughter, but Miss Ruth B. Tibbs, aged four—was the most important person in Special Term, Part II., of the Supreme Court, yesterday. She was produced in obedience to a writ of habeas corpus procured by Clarence E. Tubbs, the father, and directed against

Caroline B. Tibbs, the mother, and Henry T. and Jane Bartlett, the grandparents of the little one. Tubbs several weeks ago jumped across a five-foot airshaft in order to crawl through a window to the flat in which his little daughter lived. He was elected by a policeman and warned in court the next morning not to do it again.

Lawyer George P. Nock, counsel to Tubbs, told Justice Smyth that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs had lived happily together until January 21, 1896, when Mrs. Tibbs abruptly left, taking Baby Ruth with her, but assigning no reason for her departure. After a long search Tibbs learned that his wife and baby were living with Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett at No. 205 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street.

Mrs. Tibbs' attorney read an affidavit signed by her in which she asserted that her husband once or twice had beaten her and that it was a common thing for him to call her a liar in the presence of their little one. At Justice Smyth's suggestion it was alleged that Baby Ruth should remain with her mother, but that her father should be allowed to see her at stated intervals.

OLD LAWYER DELAVAN DEAD. He Had Passed Four-Score, and Was Once a Leader at the Bar.

Edward Close Delavan, an old and respected member of the New York Bar, died yesterday at his residence in New Brighton, S. I. He was born in Ovid, N. Y., in 1813, was graduated from Yale College in 1836, and began the study of law under the late William H. Seward, upon whose military staff when Governor of the State he held the rank of major.

He was a lifelong member of the St. Nicholas Society, a member of the New York Historical Society, the Geographical Society and the Bar Association. His widow and four children, Dr. Bryson Delavan, T. C. Delavan, Edward C. Delavan, Jr., and a daughter, survive him. His funeral will take place from his late home this afternoon.

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